DARK HORSE COMICS
#43
THE GOON
by
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Mark Buckingham
Kyle Hotz

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

colors by Bill Farmer and Eric Powell

Billy the Kid's Old Timey Oddities

art by Kyle Hotz letters by Nate Piekos of Blambot®

The Bog Lurk That Lurked Like a Thing!
A Bad Thing! Part Three

script by Eric Powell art by Mark Buckingham

letters by Nate Piekos of Blambot®

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SINCE 1999

Zombies provided by Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.
and The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation

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SOME YEARS AGO, SOMEWHERE IN THE STATE OF TENNESSEE.
HA! A PAIR OF SEVENS! READ 'EM AND WEEP, COLONEL!
DRAT! YOU HAVE ME AGAIN, WILLIAM.
WELL, THANKS FOR THE HOSPITALITY, COLONEL, BUT I BEST GET BACK TO THE SHOW.

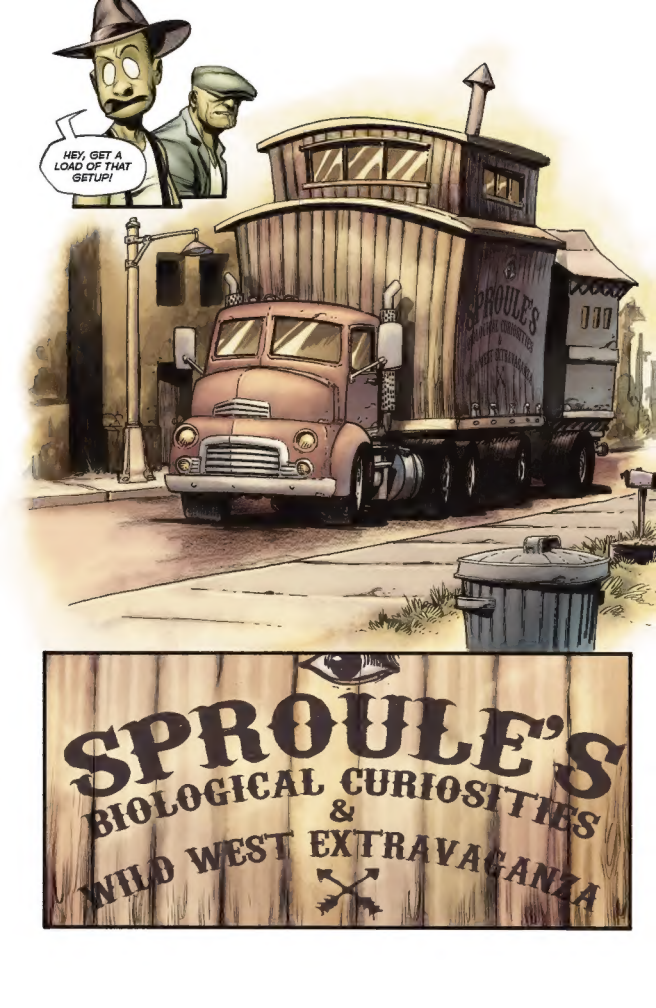
ONE MINUTE, SIR. SURELY A GENTLEMAN SUCH AS YOURSELF WOULDN'T WALK OUT WITHOUT GIVING A FELLOW A CHANCE TO WIN HIS MONEY BACK?
REALLY, I GOTTA CHECK ON THEM DE-FORMS. THAT ONE WITH THE THIRD EYE ON THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD GETS ALL TWITCHY IF TOO MANY LADIES IS ABOUT AND--
WELL, ONE MORE HAND WOULDN'T HURT.
I'M AFRAID YOU'VE DRAINED ME OF ALL AVAILABLE CASH ON HAND TO WAGER WITH, WILLIAM. BUT PERHAPS I COULD INTEREST YOU IN SOMETHING THAT MIGHT PIQUE YOUR PROFESSIONAL INTEREST.
IT IS MY MOST PRIZED POSSESSION.
THE OSSIFIED BABY OF NUREMBERG.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH A STATUE OF A GIANT, UGLY BABY?
PUT THIS TO ITS CHEST.
BUM BUMP
BUM BUMP
IT'S ALIVE!
YES, IT'S ALIVE. AND WOULD BE QUITE AN ADDITION TO A TRAVELING BIOLOGICAL CURIOSITY SPECTACLE.

YOU SHOULD HAVE GOT HERE SOONER. TOO MANY LADIES WERE LOOKING AT THREE-EYED PETE, AND HE HAD A NERVOUS CONNIPTION.
WHAT'S THAT?!
THE OSSIFIED BABY OF NURGENBURGER OR SOME SUCH.
OH, AND MAKE SURE YOU FEED IT A BOTTLE OF MILK AND GOAT'S BLOOD EVERY HALLOWEEN NIGHT OR IT'LL WAKE UP AND EAT PEOPLE, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
WHAT?!
WELL?
THAT FOOL WAS THE WORST POKER PLAYER I HAVE EVER MET. HE MADE IT DIFFICULT, BUT TOOK THE BABY WILLINGLY IN THE END. AS WE EXPECTED.
THANK THE DARK GOD. OUR BURDEN HAS BEEN LIFTED.

HALLOWEEN EVE SOME YEARS LATER.
YOU CAN SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING.
WHAM!

GET READY TO EAT SOME NAILS, YA LITTLE FREAK!
GOON! WHATTA YA DOIN'?! IT'S JUST A KID IN A HALLOWEEN MASK!
WHAAA!
AW, JEEZ, SORRY, KID! I THOUGHT YOU WAS ONE OF THE UNDEAD.
GOOD JOB, CHIEF.
I HATE HALLOWEEN.


HEY, GET A LOAD OF THAT GETUP!
SPROULE'S
BIOLOGICAL CURIOSITIES
&
WILD WEST EXTRAVAGANZA

YEP, IT'S A PISSHOLE ALL RIGHT, JEFFREY, BUT I AIN'T DRIVIN' NO FURTHER.
HALLOWEEN IS A MONEYMAKER FOR US. EVEN IN BROKE ASS TOWNS LIKE THIS.
WELL, WE'VE BEEN IN SEEDIER LOOKING LOCALS, BUT NOT BY MUCH.
TELL THE BOYS TO GET OUT AND START SETTIN' UP.
SAY, BIG'N, YOU LOOKIN' FOR WORK?

WE THROW A LEOPARD TUNIC AND A SCRAGGLY WIG ON YA AND I COULD PITCH YA TO THE YOKELS AS THE MAN-APE! HOW'S ABOUT IT?!
SHOW BUSINESS AIN'T FOR ME.
WELL, HE'S GOT THE LOOKS FOR IT.
HE DID GROW UP IN A TRAVELING SHOW. HIS AUNT WAS ONE OF THE GREAT ONES.
S'AT RIGHT?
HEY, YOU BEADY EYED LITTLE FELLA, YOU LOOK LIKE THE MAN TO ASK!
WHERE'S THE LOCAL HOUSE OF ILL REPUTE? SURE, I AIN'T GOT IT UP IN FIFTEEN YEARS, BUT I AIN'T GIVE UP TRYIN'!
SPROULE'S
BIOLOGICAL CURIOSITIES
&
WILD WEST EXTRAVAGANZA
WORLD'S SMALLEST MAN
BEWARE THE MOUTH

GLEEPTOE & NIKTACK
THE MARTIAN TWINS
STEP RIGHT UP, KIDS! JUST FOR ONE DURN NICKEL YOU CAN SEE GLEEPTOE AND NIKTACK! THE ALIEN TWINS FROM THE PLANET MARS!
HECK, FOR TWO NICKELS THEY'LL EAT A CAT RIGHT IN FRONT OF YA!
ALL RIGHT, BABY NUREMBERG. IT'S THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN. LET'S GET YOUR BOTTLE READY BEFORE YOU GO ON DISPLAY.
LOOKIT THAT THING!
LET'S TAKE IT AND PUT IT ON OLD LADY PENDERGRASS'S FRONT PORCH! IT'LL SCARE THE BEJEEZUS OUTTA HER!
YEAH, ALL SHE GAVE US FOR TRICKS OR TREATS WAS AVOCADOS!
I AIN'T NO GUACAMOLE EATER!

OKAY, MOTHER'S MILK AND GOAT'S BLOOD COMING RIGHT U--
OH, DEAR.
HA! HA!
THIS IS THE BEST HALLOWEEN PRANK EVER!
WU-
WHU-

HEY!
THIS THING IS MOVING!
WHAT'S GOING ON?!
IT'S ALIVE!
POOR THING. IT'S JUST A BIG BABY.
AAA
HEY, FELLA, IT'S OKAY. IT'S O--
AAHH!

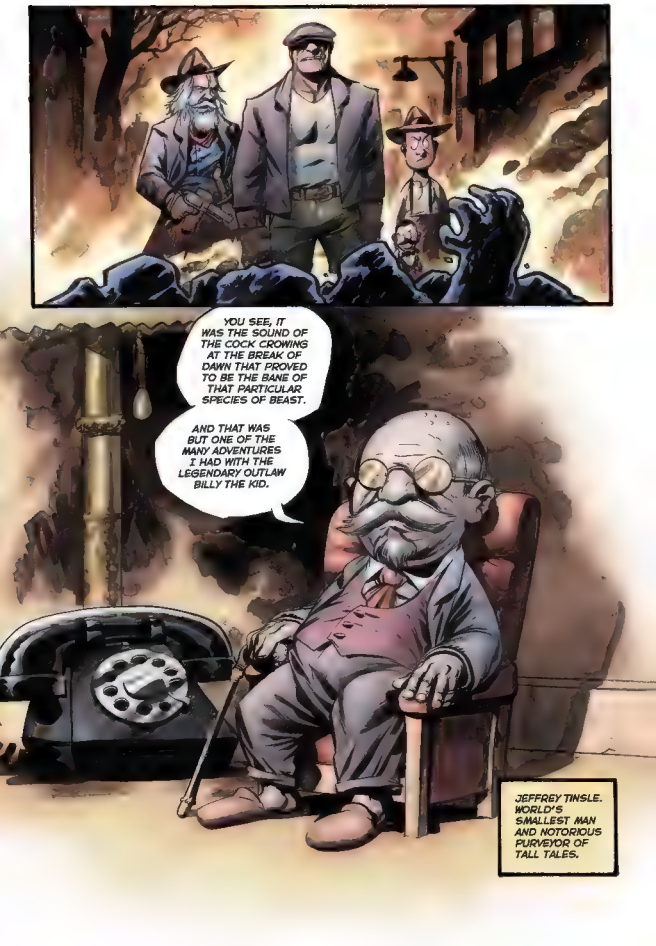
BILL, WE HAVE A PROBLEM!
WHAT?
BABY NUREMBERG IS GONE!
AND BABY DIDN'T GET HIS BOTTLE.
OH, I'M SURE THAT WAS JUST SUPERSTITIOUS HOGWASH. WE NEVER HAD ANY TROUBLE OUT OF THAT--
AAAHHH!
NorTon's PUB
UH-OH.
GOON, I THINK THAT CANDY IS FOR THE TRICK-OR-TREATERS.
TRICK OR TREAT.
HEY, GOON, THERE'S... THERE'S A THING--
YEAH, YEAH, THERE'S A THING IN THE STREET EATIN' PEOPLE. JUST LIKE EVERY WEDNESDAY.

YOU'RE RUINING US, YA DURN BABY!
AAAA!
WHA!
I KNEW THAT COWBOY WAS GONNA BE TROUBLE.

YOU WANNA EXPLAIN THAT?
IT WAS A FOSSILIZED BABY I WON IN A CARD GAME IN MY YOUNGER DAYS!
DAMMIT! WHY DO I GOTTA BE SO GOOD AT POKER?!
YES, UNFORTUNATELY THE TYKE HAS GONE A BIT FUSSY WITHOUT HIS FEEDING!
SEEMS LIKE HE'S EATING PRETTY GOOD TO ME!
THAT DOES IT! EAT LEAD, YA DURN CANNIBAL BABY!

SERIOUSLY?
BRAKA!
BRAKA!
BRAKA!
BRAKA!
BRAKA!
BRAKA!
BRAKA!
BRAKA!
GET YER NITTS OFF ME!

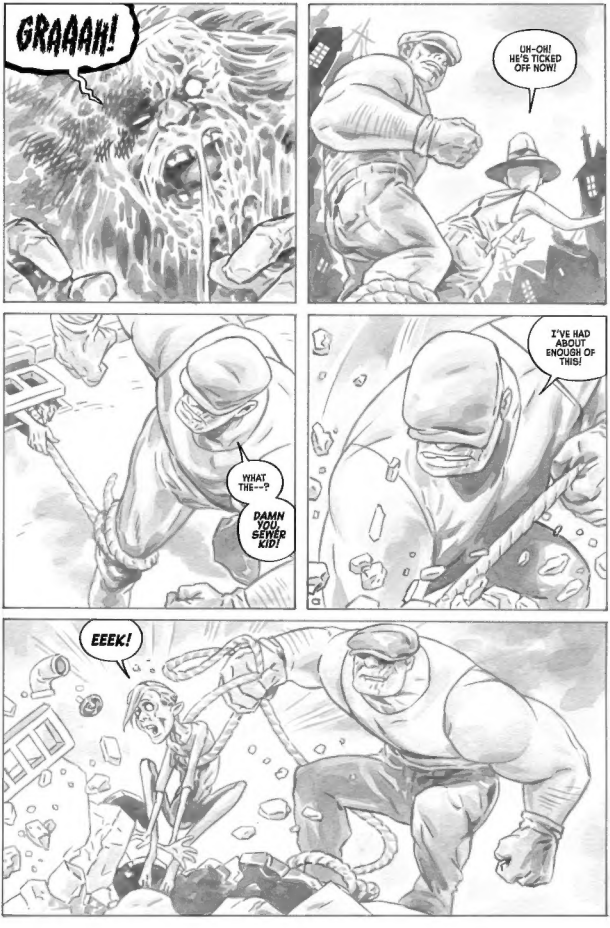
KA-KA-KAWW!


YOU SEE, IT WAS THE SOUND OF THE COCK CROWING AT THE BREAK OF DAWN THAT PROVED TO BE THE BANE OF THAT PARTICULAR SPECIES OF BEAST.
AND THAT WAS BUT ONE OF THE MANY ADVENTURES I HAD WITH THE LEGENDARY OUTLAW BILLY THE KID.
JEFFREY TINSLE. WORLD'S SMALLEST MAN AND NOTORIOUS PURVEYOR OF TALL TALES.

THE BOG LURK THAT LURKED LIKE A THING!
A BAD THING!
PART 3
WRITTEN BY ERIC POWELL • DRAWN BY MARK BUCKINGHAM
LETTERING BY MATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®
JUST A MINUTE!

HOLD THIS FOR ME, WILL YA, PAL?
ROPE-A-DOPE!
THE FOOL! I MERELY DISTRACTED IT WITH THE BOMB!

FRANKY...
AHHH!
BOOM


GRAAAH!
UH-OH! HE'S TICKED OFF NOW!
WHAT THE---?
DAMN YOU, SEWER KID!
I'VE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF THIS!
EEEK!

C'MON, YOU!
YEAH, DON'T FEEL SO GOOD GETTIN' SMACKED IN THE MOUTH WITH A $#IT-STAINED STREET URCHIN, DOES IT?!
SKREEE!
GAH!
THAT OUGHTA DO IT!
SKREEE!
GOON?
YEAH?
THAT KID STILL HAS YOUR CAR KEYS.
$#IT!
THE END

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